

She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be  
asham'd.

*Enter Duke, Pronost, Isabella.*

*Esc.* I will goe darkely to worke with her.

*Luc.* That's the way: for women are light at mid-  
night.

*Esc.* Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman,  
Denies all that you haue said.

*Luc.* My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of,  
Here, with the *Pronost*.

*Esc.* In very good time: speake not you to him, till  
we call vpon you.

*Luc.* Mum.

*Esc.* Come Sir, did you set these women on to slan-  
der Lord *Angelo*? they haue confel'd you did.

*Duk.* 'Tis false.

*Esc.* How? Know you where you are?

*Duk.* Respect to your great place; and let the diuell  
Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne.

Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he should heare me speake.

*Esc.* The *Duke*'s in vs: and we will heare you speake,  
Looke you speake iustly.

*Duk.* Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules,

Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Box;

Good night to your redresse: Is the *Duke* gone?

Then is your cause gone too: The *Duke*'s vnjust,

Thus to retort your manifest Appeale,

And put your triall in the villaines mouth,

Which here you come to accuse.

*Luc.* This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.

*Esc.* Why thou vnreuerend, and unhallow'd Fryer:

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,

To accuse this worthy man? But in foule mouth,

And in the witness of his proper eare,

To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,

To th' *Duke* himselfe, to taxe him with Injustice?

Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towzle you  
Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpose:

What? vnjust?

*Duk.* Be not so hot: the *Duke* dare

No more stretch this finger of mine, then he

Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not,

Nor here Prouinciall: My businesse in this State

Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,

Where I haue scene corruption boyle and bubble,

Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,

But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes

Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop,

As much in mocke, as marke.

*Esc.* Slander to th' State:

Away with him to prison.

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucio*?

Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

*Luc.* 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither Goodman bald-  
pate, doe you know me?

*Duk.* I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice,

I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the *Duke*.

*Luc.* Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you

said of the *Duke*.

*Duk.* Most notably Sir.

*Luc.* Do you so Sir: And was the *Duke* a flesh-mon-  
ger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him

to be?

*Duk.* You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you

make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and

much more, much worse.

*Luc.* Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee  
by the nose, for thy speeches?

*Duk.* I protest, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my selfe.

*Ang.* Harke how the villaine would close now, after  
his treasonable abuses.

*Esc.* Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away  
with him to prison: Where is the *Pronost*? away with  
him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speake  
no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the o-  
ther confederate companion.

*Duk.* Stay Sir, stay a while.

*Ang.* What, resists he? helpe him *Lucio*.

*Luc.* Come sir, come sir, come sir: for sir, why you  
bald-pated lying rascall, you must be hooded must you?  
show your knaues visage with a poxe to you: show your  
sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't  
not off?

*Duk.* Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'st a *Duke*.  
First *Pronost*, let me bayle these gentle three:

Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you,

Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

*Luc.* This may proue worse then hanging.

*Duk.* What you haue spoke, I pardon: sit you downe,

We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue:

Ha'st thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'st

Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* Oh, my dread Lord,

I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse,

To thinke I can be vn-discernable,

When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,

Hath look'd vpon my passes. Then good Prince,

No longer Session hold vpon my shame,

But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession:

Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

*Duk.* Come hither *Mariana*,

Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was my Lord.

*Duk.* Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which consummate,

Returne him here againe: goe with him *Pronost*. Exit.

*Esc.* My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor,

Then at the strangenesse of it.

*Duk.* Come hither *Isabella*,

Your Fryer is now your Prince: As I was then

Aduertising, and holy to your businesse,

(Not changing heart with habit) I am still,

Attun'd at your seruice.

*Isab.* Oh giue me pardon

That I, your vassalle, haue imploid, and pain'd

Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

*Duk.* You are pardon'd *Isabella*:

And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs.

Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart:

And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe,

Labouring to saue his life: and would not rather

Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre,

Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maide,

It was the swift celeritie of his death,

Which I did thinke, with slower foot came on,

That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him,

That life is better life past fearing death,

Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,

So

So happy is your Brother.

*Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Pronost.*

*Isab.* I doe my Lord.

*Duk.* For this new-married man, approaching here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd

Your well defended honor: you must pardon

For *Mariana*'s sake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,

Being criminall, in double violation

Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach,

Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,

The very mercy of the Law cries out

Most audible, euen from his proper tongue.

An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:

Haste still paises haste, and leasure, answers leasure;

Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*:

Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested:

Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.

We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke

Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste.

Away with him.

*Mar.* Oh my most gracious Lord,

I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

*Duk.* It is your husband mock't you with a husband,

Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor,

I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,

For that he knew you, might reproach your life,

And choake your good to come: For his Possessions,

Although by confiscation they are ours;

We doe en-state, and widow you with all,

To buy you a better husband.

*Mar.* Oh my deere Lord,

I craue no other, nor no better man.

*Duk.* Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

*Mar.* Gentle my Liege.

*Duk.* You doe but loose your labour.

Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

*Mar.* Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabella*, take my part,

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,

I'll lend you all my life to doe you seruice.

*Duk.* Against all fence you doe importune her,

Should the kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,

Her Brothers ghost, his pauid bed would breake,

And take her hence in horror.

*Mar.* *Isabella*:

Sweet *Isabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,

Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all.

They say best men are moulded out of faults,

And for the most, become much more the better

For being a little bad: So may my husband.

Oh *Isabel*: will you not lend a knee?

*Duk.* He dies for *Claudio*'s death.

*Isab.* Most bounteous Sir,

Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,

A due sinceritie gouerned his deedes,

Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,

Let him not die: my Brother had but Iustice,

In that he did the thing for which he died.

For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,

And must be buried but as an intent

That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects

Intents, but meerely thoughts.

*Mar.* Meerely my Lord.

*Duk.* Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say:

I haue bethought me of another fault.

*Pronost*, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded

At an vnusuall howre?

*Pro.* It was command.

*Duk.* Had you a speeche?

*Pro.* No my good Lord.

*Duk.* For which I doe

Giue vp your keyes.

*Pro.* Pardon me, nob

I thought it was a fault,

Yet did repent me after

For testimony whereof,

That should by private

I haue referu'd alieue.

*Duk.* What's he?

*Pro.* His name is *Barnardine*.

*Duk.* I would thou

Goe fetch him hither, le

*Esc.* I am sorry, one

As you, Lord *Angelo*, ha

Should slip so grosslie,

And lacke of temper'd it

*Ang.* I am sorrie, tha

And so deepe sticks it in

That I craue death more

'Tis my deseruing, and I

*Enter Barnardine and*

*Duk.* Which is that

*Pro.* This my Lord.

*Duk.* There was a *F*

Sirha, thou art said to

That apprehends no fur

And quar'th thy life acco

But for those earthly fau

And pray thee take this

For better times to come

I leaue him to your han

*Pro.* This is another

Who should haue di'd w

As like almost to *Claudio*

*Duk.* If he be like yo

Is he pardon'd, and for y

Giue me your hand, and

He is my brother too: B

By this Lord *Angelo* per

Methinkes I see a quick

Well *Angelo*, your euil

Looke that you loue you

I finde an apt remission i

And yet heere's one in p

You sirha, that knew me

One all of Luxurie, an aff

Wherein haue I so deser

That you extoll me thus

*Luc.* Faith my Lord

trick: if you will hang m

ther it would please you,

*Duk.* Whipt first, fir

Proclaime it Prouost ro

If any woman wrong'd b

(As I haue heard him sw

whom he begot with chi

And he shall marry her:

Let him be whipt and ha

*Luc.* I beseech your

a Whore: your Highne

*Duk.* good my Lord de

me a Cuckold.